"It is the chief interest of my life," said Vincent, with simple frankness. "And that is

why I cannot rest until I find them." Well, now, one question more, the banker "I don't wish to pry into any young lady's secrets-but-but there may be some understanding between her and you?"

"I hope so," said Vincent. And the young wretch never wrote me a line to tell me of it!" Mr. Thompson excluimed, but it was very obvious that this piece of news had caused him no chagrin. "The little Oma-hussy grows up to be a fine and tall young chooses her sweetheart for herself; thinks of getting married and all the rest of it; and not a word to me! Here is filial gratitude for you! Why, does she forget what I have promised to do for you? Not that I ever said so to her: you don't fill a schoolgiri's head full of wedding fancies: but her grandfather knew; her grandfather must have told her when this affair was settled between you."

But here Vincent had to interpose and explain that nothing was settled; that unhappily everything was unsettled; and further, he went on to tell of all that had happened preceding the disappearance of Maisrie and her grandfather. For this man seemed of a kindly nature; he was an old friend of those two; then Vincent had been very much alone of late -there was no one in Omaha in whom he sould confide. Mr. Thompson listened with close attention; and at last he said:
"I can see that you have been placed in a

very peculiar position, and that you have stood the test well. The description of my old friend Bethune that your father put before you could be made to lock very plausible; and I imagine that most young men would have been staggered by it. I can fancy that a good many young men would have been apt to say 'Like grandfather, like granddaughter'-and would have declined to have anything more to do with either. And yet I understand that however doubtful or puzzled you may have been, at least you never had any suspicion of

Margarot?"
"Buspiolon?" said Vincent. "Of the girl whom I hope to make my wife? I need not answer the question." Mr. Thompson gave a bit of a laugh, in a

quiet, trium hant manner.
"Evidently my little Omahussy had her eyes widely and wisely open when she made her shoice." said he. apparently to himself.

But she has not made her choice." Vincent

had to explain in a rather despondent fashion.
"Indeed, I may say that she has thrown me over. I am almost certain it was she who got the old man to go away. But who can tell? I admit I was foolish enough to say something of those reports. She may have imagined I believed more of them than I did: and she talked-one morning at Brighton it was-she said she would never be my wife. Perhaps I should have paid more beed. But I had no thought of her going away: I was too confithought of her going away: I was too contidont alter-after some things she had said.
And what can I do now? he wenton, in a halfdes, a ring way. Too say you are centain they
are not in Canada or they would have come
to see you. The See cheen in New York told
me they were restinyed. We Bethune was not
there, or he would have shown in at the Burna
anniversary. Year where can I go how? I
must find her I cannot rest until I have lound
her—to have everything explained—and—and
to get some guarantee for the future. I know
it was all my own insult: I was too confident: I
should have acked her more paracularly what!

many and many a day ago, whon I first got her to write to me, that she must sign her own name, or she would see what I would do to her. Well, how is the little Omahussy? What does she look like now? A sky little writch he used to be—making people fond of her with her earnest eyes."

"I don't think you quite understand," said Vincent, who resented the familiar tone, though in truth it only meant an affectionate kindness. "Miss Bethune is no longer the little girl you seem to imagine: she is quite a young lady now—and taller than most."

"The little Omahussy? Town up to be a tall young lady?" said he, in a pleased fashion. "Yes, yos, I suppose so. No doubt. And tall, you say? Even when she was here last she was shardly more than twelve; and then I'm an old bachelor, you see; I'm not secustomed to watch children grow up; and some-how; I romember her mostly as when I first knew her—a shy young thing, and yet some-thing of a little woman in her ways. Grown up good looking, too, I suppose?—both her father and mother were handsome,"

"If you saw her now." said Vincent. "I think you would say she was beauliful; though it might not be her beauty that would take your attention the most."

The elderly banker regarded this young man for a second or so—and with a favoring glance; had a little woman in her ways. Grown the she was a learly well tup research. "I hope you will not consider me intrusive or impertinent if I ask you a question." said he. "I am an old friend of George Bethune's —perhaps the oldest alive now; and besides that I have always regarded myself as a sort of second father to the little Margaret—though their was always regarded myself as a sort of second father to the little Margaret—though their was always regarded myself as a sort of second father to the little Margaret—though their was always regarded myself as a sort of second father to the little Margaret—though their was always regarded myself as a sort of second father to the little Margaret—though their was an early solid call in the little with the

she for exceedable in a state of the control of the

THE SUN, SUN

PY WILLIAM DIACK

CHAPTEN NI.

See a second control of the control

"Then excuse my saying so." Mr. Thompson observed. "but you throw away your money to very little purpose. If George Bethans is willing to take acheek from Lord Musselburgh—if he can do so without the slightest loss of self-respect or dignity—why should not his lordship be allowed to help a brother Scot? Why should you interfers?"

"It was for Maisrie's sake," said Vincent, looking down. Why should you interfere?"

"It was for Maisrie's sake," said Vincent, looking down.

"Ah, yes, yes," the banker said knitting his brows. "That is where the trouble comes in. I shouldn't mind letting George Bethins go his own way; he is all right; his self-sufficiency will carry him through anything. But for a sensitive giri like that it must be terrible. It wonder how much she suspects," he went on. "I wender how much she suese. Or if it is possible he has blinded her as well as himself to their circumstances? For you must remember this y.—I ask talking to you new, Mr. Harris, as one who may have a closer relationship with these word will be the sees anything shady or unsatisfactor; of his a little lenient liking for the old man, too. Well, you must remember this, that to his misself theorge Bethune's conscience is a will be through some communication with his misself theorge Bethune's conscience is a will be through some common friend and insta slikely as not that friend will be myself."

All this seemed very reasonable—and hopeing the his of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies of money because he of his? He is careies and vincent role and protego of Mr. — list to gether: you have you rousil say it is easy to taik. What care will say it is easy to taik. What care will say it is easy to taik. What care will say it is easy to taik. What care will say it is easy to taik. What care will say it is easy to taik. What care will say it is easy to taik. What care will say it is easy to taik. What ca

"Quito right—quito right," said Mr. Thompson, with a smile; for why this reorn?—he had not counselled the young man to debase himself so.

"And then it isn't breaking away from any certainty of income." Vincent proceeded. "but quite the reverse. The certainty is that as soon as I announce my intention of marrying Miss-Bethune, my father will suggest that I should shift for myself. Very well. I'm not afraid. I can take any chance like another. They say that poverty is a good test of affection. I am ready to face it, for one."

"Oh, as for that," the banker interposed. "I wish you to understand this—that your bride won't come to you empty handed, George Bethune may hold aloof from me as long as he likes. If he thinks it is more dignified for him to go cadging about with vague literary projects—all for the honor and glory of Scotland, no doubt—instead of letting his oldest friend share his purse with him. I have nothing to say. My name's only Thompson: noblesse oblige has pothing to do with me. But when my little Margaset walks into church with the man of her choice, it will be my business to see that she is suitably provided for. I do not mean to boast, or make rash promises, or raise false expectations; but when her husband brings her away it will be no pauper he is taking home with him. And I want to add this, since we are talking in confidence: I hope her husband will be no enter than yourself. I like you. I like the way you have spoken of both grandiather and grandiauger; and I like, your independence. By all means, when you get back to the old country, by all means carry out that project of yours of earning an income for yourself. It can do you no harm, whatever happens. It may be invaluable to you in certain circumstances. And in the mean time. If I may still further advise, give up this search of yours for the precent. I dure say you have your position to make, and the personal friend and protign of them seen. In other incoming to them saids the water; well, let that suffice for the time being. Here is Par

You have covered some cases, certainly, Suppose you go on. The long run of people are not generally bothered much with religion, or speculation, or philosophy, or conjecture."

O. yes they are." confinued the man, "of all the four things you have mentioned re-Suppose you go on. The long run of people are not generally bothered much with religion, or speculation, or philosophy, or consecture."

"O, yes they are," continued the man, "of all the lour things you have mentioned religion and conjecture are, the most important. Especially conjecture. But there is yet another way of answering the question of why men live, and this will soply to all middle-aged and aged persons. I have spoken of the power of habit. Now the habit of living, when once it becomes firmly established, is an exceedingly hard one to be oak. You will have noticed that of all the people bern into this worl i by lar the greatest number die in infancy, that is to say, they die before the life habit has become a second nature, and consequently very difficult to get rid of. People do easily that which they are in the habit of doing, and in living, as in mechanics, a thing moves in the path of the least resistance. Then, too, nature has arranged things so that people live in order that others may live, and this is the way with all organized life. The cells in your lungs have a life of their own which must be kept up. If you didn't breathe they couldn't live, and if they didn't live you would have to ston breathing, no matter whe'her it was agreeable or not to all the parties concerned. You live because there is a big hag of skin to hold them and let them thrive in agreeable quariers."

"Then you mean—"
"Yes," said the man, "of course. I mean in a way different from that about which we have been specially taking; men live because there which is edilism is self, by the way, is bound to live unless some Dr. Noch kno ks it out—you must die if the little least is veracious enough to eat you un. If you commit suicide, of course you give the relist he grand bounce, and it is all up with them. It was, I think, the great Biehat who define I life as the "um of all the forces that re-list death." Well, this means a great deal more than it did in liabat's cay, because if all the cells in your body are thriving and so

TIMES BY RESCURE The Apparatus that Can Determine a Wit

Since electrical timing for athletic sports was used at the Canadian championship games last September, the subject has been well looked into by those who wish to adort it for next season's games in this vicinity. Tax Bux publishe : an illustrated article on the subject giving in detail its prominent features noticeable at the Canadian games. This defect consisted in the finishing thread standing some inches of deflection before breaking the circuit as the runners passed the finish. At Canada this deflection averaged about five inches, but even then those familiar with the apparatus stated that such delay would be only several one-hundredths of a second. Prof. C. H. McLeod of McGill University. Montreal, constructed and had charge of the electrical timing apparatus at the Canadian games. In answer to THE SUN's criticisms and suggestions, he writes of a series of tests

is possible to deflect the thread at the fluish before breaking the circuit. The thread used was a more carefully selected one than that in use at the recent charmless. In one case a body that had been interred about one year was identified by friends and reinterred. But what of these 164 unrecognized bodies. of strong linen with scarcely perceptible elas-ticity. The distance between the posts was about twenty feet. The deflection ordinates were measured from a second thread stretched beside that used as the "finish line," A large number of experiments were made under

keepers? That can only be done by reference to such an apparatus as the one we are discussion, so we come back to the point from which we started and to which the management of athletics must come sconer or lateracent only records, free from any personal element whatsoever.

The suggestion made by Prof. McLeod that each lane in a sprint race can be timed separately by electricity is of much greater value than might be at first supposed. During the past year, for instance, the number of races which have been decided dead heats is large. As can be easily imagned, there may be four or five inches difference between two competitors at the finish of the race, and yet the officials may decide it a doad heat. It has been proven that electricity times by inches and not by yards, as watches do, and a four-inch difference between two competitors at the finish lips can, if each is given a separate finishing lateractic than the probabilities are that at all important sprint races such lane will have an electrical timing apparatus, and the judges decision will be more or less checked by the ink dots on the

WAGES OF BEAL HUNTERS. A New Scale Adopted Which Will Have an Effect on the Behring Sen Question.

CTIAWA, Nov. 22.—Advices received from the

Government here to-day from British Colum-

bia state that last week a meeting was held by the owners and masters interested in the sealing industry of this port, the gathering having been called to deal with several matters of vital interest to all parties concerned. Capt. Warren presided, Richard Hall of Hall & Gospel acting as Secretary. The outlook for the next season was discussed at considerable length, as was the result of the past one. It was the opinion of all that the price of skins this year was considerably above the average, and that it was highly probable that a drop in prices would take place next year. The reason for the inyou don't leed inchined to step do so and out, and, in fact, you never do so."
All are but varts of on stupendous whole."
A PLASTEUER FOR MAYOR.

Monest James McNally to be Elected in Providence.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.. Nov. 22.—Uncest James McNally, Democrat and plasterer, will be the next Mayor of this city. Mr. MoNally has received a unanimous nomination by the Democration Mayorality Convention. This, under existing conditions, is equivalent to election. Congressman-elect Laphan, in nominating him. spoke of Mr. McNally assame mo of the people. as self-made man, thoroughly equipped satisfactorily to discharge the duties of the office. Mr. McNally is served with great credit in the Common Congil, and is admirably posted regarding the least of the office. Mr. McNally is served with great credit in the Common Congil, and is admirably posted regarding the heads of the office. Mr. McNally is served with great credit in the Common Congil, and is admirably posted regarding the beauty to accept their manihation for Mayor and the strength as a candidate, but are so badly ratified that they entertain no hone of defeating him. Their attempts to secure some body to accept their mainballe and the city of the strength as a candidate, but are so badly ratified that they entertain no hone of defeating him of the other and the secure of the city. The Herublikan is a condition of Mr. McNally has recorded to stand. Finally, at the cleventh hour, and in a fit of desparation, tevy non-red upon Charles Sidney Smith, a jeweller, and on election day will lead into forth to the slaughter of importance can be accepted by the covers to limit the number of the provided the common control of the main the first hand have no ticket in the flexibility provided the control of the main the first hand have no ticket in the flexibility provided the control of the main the control of the main the control of the main that the control of the main the control of the main that the control of the main the control of the main the control of the main that t creased prices for the past season's catch was

A STARTLING QUESTION.

IN THERE UNDISCOFFEED MURDERS The Record of Unrecognized Dead in the

Of unsolved mysteries like the Burdell mus. der, the Nathan murder, and the Annie Downey murder New York has had many, Downey murder tesson to believe that there are as many more committed that are never even known as murders, but pass almost us-noticed as ordinary occurrences of metropol-tan life; that are concealed as the unual secrets of the rivers and the ocean, in the long list of the missing or the unnamed graves of Potter's Field. Since Jan. 6, 1889, there have, for h.

stance, been buried from the Morgue 17s bodies of unrecognized persons. Of these about a dozen have been subsequently recognized by means of the photographs, descriptions, and slothing which are kept for reference at the Morgue, and have often served to trace long missing persons. In one case a body that se at the recent championship games. It was years? They represent the average number buried with only numerical designation, never to be disturbed. Who are they? Whence de they come? How did they meet their death? In some cases they were obviously persons of no mean circumstances, judging from their clothing and their personal appearance. Yet

were maximised from a second threat strenthed as least in the habit of studying their own as a start in the habit of studying their own and the studying their own and the studying their own and the studying their own and their

ber of injured men who are admitted to the emergency hospitals is so great that often the doctors do not even take the trouble to inquire how the injuries came to be inflicted.

In some cases there stands opposite the record of the unrecognized dead the word "Poisoned." But there is nothing to show whether the poison was taken voluntarily or involuntarily. The victim may have gone from the home of some mistress with the deadly draught just unsuspectingly taken, only to drop dead in the street on the next block. There is no clue, no way to trace the crime, and it takes its place in the long list of unsolved mysteries of the great cty.

It is a sad sight to look over the photographs of the unknown dead that are preserved at the Morgno, and each one of them is a suggestion of mystery, of suffering, of depair, or of crime. Here is the head of a woman who might have been the mother of statesmen. She has intellect stamped upon her features. Here is a man who might have been an author or an actor or an artist, Here is a man with a wealth of white hair and beard, like some venerable noet. Here is another whose physicognomy bespeaks good iving and fine dinners. Here is one who might have been an inventor. Here is a face of a born Anarchist. He seems to be talking to you from his shroud. Who can fathom the mysteries of these unknown lives? Who can tell how many of them have been the victims of unidacovered murders?

It is true that Morgne Resper White, who has been looking at these things for years, does not judge that there is much undiscovered murders?

It is true that Morgne Resper White, who has been looking at these things for years, does not judge that there is much undiscovered murders?

It is true that Morgne Resper White, who has been looking at these things for years, does not judge that there is much undiscovered murders?

It is true that morgne here probably the true that decident than to crime. But it is difficult to view these many teases without the reflection that finall probability there are burled with

THE WIZARD AND THE AMATEUR. Jako Schnefer Taken for a Greenborn at

Playing Billiards, A slightly built man, with a stubby mous-A slightly built man, with a stubby moustache and wearing clothes of a distinctively Western out and style, strolled into one of the large billiard rooms generally frequented by business men on lower Broadway recently. The room was well filled, and nearly all the tables were in use. The man with the Western air leaned negligently up against the lunch counter and lazily watched the different players. Shortly afterward a short, well-built young man stepped brighty up to the cashing

counter and lazily watched the different players. Shortly afterward a short, well-built young man stepped briskly up to the cashier's desk, and, addressing him familiarly by the name of "Charley," requested that an opponent should be found for him.

"Get me a good strong man Charley," he added, for I am feeling pretty good to-day, and think I can play an Al game."

"All right, my poy," said Charley, glancing around the room on the lookout for a player worthy of Mr. Younnan's skill, for that was the name of the ambitious amateur.

The cashier's eye finally rested on the stranger, who was watching a game of pool with a bored expression on his face. He called the man with the Western air over, and, introducing him as Mr. Abbott of Ohicago, said to the amateur: "Here is a gentleman who will accommodate you, but I think you play a lectio the stronger game. Buppose you git him twenty-five in a fundred."

They begae playing. Youmans, who plays a very good open game, gained slightly at the stranger improved surprisingly, and he finally won the game by a few points. The ambitious amateur was not yet; saided.

"Cushious carroms is my game." he said. "Let us play that and I will give you ten in fifty."

"All right," said Abbott and close observers noticed that his stroke changed wonderfully.

Alter Joumans had lailed to make the openne shot, the man with the Western air of the table. By this time a large crowd leagth of the table. By this time a large crowd had gathered around the table. As the Western er was making his lorticit shot a nose was banded to Joumans, who, after reading it, turned deadly white, and, grasping at the table for support, casped ont: "Gentlemen. I acknowledge the corn. Everybody come up and have adrink."

His opponent was Jake Schaefer, and there were only a few of the many who watched the billiard world.